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The Spoiled Child - 1822.



Harvard College Library

FROM

Wm Briggs





THE SPOILED CHILD,

A FARCE.

WITH PREFATORY REMARKS

THE ONLY EDITION EXISTING WHICH IS FAITHFULLY MARKED
WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, AND STAGE DIRECTIONS,

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

Theatres Royal.

BY W. OXBERRY, Comedian.

London.

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS, BY W. SIMPKIN, AND
R. MARSHALL, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET,
AND C. CHAPPLE, 59, FALMOUTH.

1822.



Remarks.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

In common with numerous other pieces, "The Spoiled Child" owes its existence entirely to the cleverness of an actress in a particular description of parts. It is, indeed, "The Romp," with another title; and, we may be well assured that, but for Mrs. Jordan's excellence as *Priscilla Tomboy*, *Little Pickle* would never have been heard of.

Any person who has merely *read* the piece, must certainly deem it an unaccountable circumstance that a composition so utterly despicable has kept constant possession of the stage since the season of its first performance—a period of more than thirty years; nor can its success, we presume, have appeared much less surprising to its author. Produced on a benefit night, to answer a temporary purpose, the mere ephemeral existence usually experienced by such things was doubtless all that was looked for; and, unfortunate playwrights may derive some consolation under their mishaps, from the recollection that, while "The Spoiled Child" has been running a career of popularity, many of the productions of Inchbald, Cumberland, Colman, and O'Keefe, after seeking in vain for a portion of similar favour, have been laid aside for ever. Theorists, too, who maintain that the observation of certain antiquated rules is indispensably necessary in the construction of a drama formed to acquire and preserve applause, have here a practical exemplification of the fallibility of their doctrines. They assure us that a plot curiously contrived, characters vigorously conceived, and conversing in a language at once natural and animated, must by no means be wanting; yet, who will assert that the trouble of achieving these brilliant qualities is not lost labour, when he finds that this production succeeded perfectly well, without possessing a shadow of any of them?

Of a thing so completely worthless as a literary composition, what more need be, or can be, said? "We call a nettle but a nettle, and the faults of fools but folly;" and

are therefore constrained to express our indignant regret at being compelled to class amongst our stock-pieces, a mere vehicle for practical jokes, almost too absurd to excite the laughter of children. No choice, however, is left us. "We who live to please," must sometimes yield a point of opinion, when the abandonment involves no dereliction of principle; and, since the public choose to prolong "The Spoiled Child's" existence upon the stage, it must necessarily take its place in a collection which is intended to comprise every *acting-drama*.

The name of its author is unknown: for, all inquiries upon the subject have hitherto failed to unravel the important mystery. Being produced on Mrs. Jordan's benefit-night, it was at first placed to her account; but she "repelling the soft impeachment," the honour of its parentage was transferred to Mr. Ford, at that period, the lady's particular friend. Soon afterwards, when played at Liverpool, it was advertised as the production of Isaac Bickerstaffe, who, long before, had quitted the country, under circumstances of a very disgraceful nature. The real author, however, notwithstanding his literary imbecility, seems to have possessed some share of common-sense, and wisely kept himself concealed. The composition of such a thing, is an offence against good taste, which few men would be courageous enough to avow themselves guilty of.

P. P.

Time of Representation.

The time this piece takes in representation, is one hour and forty minutes.

Stage Directions.

By R.H. is meant Right Hand.
 L.H. Left Hand.
 S.E. Second Entrance.
 U.E. Upper Entrance.
 M.D. Middle Door.
 D.F. Door in flat.
 R.H.D. Right Hand Door.
 L.H.D. Left Hand Door.

Costume.

OLD PICKLE.

Old fashioned suit of brown cloth.

LITTLE PICKLE.

First dress.—Light blue jacket and trowsers, white waistcoat.—Second dress.—Dark blue jacket and trowsers, red waistcoat.

TAG.

Old crimson coat, flowered waistcoat and black satin breeches.

SERVANTS.

Liveries appropriate.

MISS PICKLE.

Old fashioned silk dress.

MARIA.

A white frock.

• MARGERY.

Coloured gown, white apron, and black bonnet.

SUSAN.

A smart coloured gown.

Persons Represented.

	<i>Drury Lane.</i>	<i>Covent Garden.</i>	<i>Haymarket.</i>
<i>Pickle</i>	Mr. Gattie.	Mr. Simmons.	Mr. Williams.
<i>Little P.</i>	Mad. Vestris.	Mrs. T. Hill.	Mrs. Baker.
<i>Tag</i> -	Mr. Elliston.	Mr. Liston.	{ Mr. Tayleure. Mr. Oxberry.
<i>John</i> -	Mr. Keeley.	Mr. King.	Mr. Hammond.
<i>Thomas</i>	Mr. Moreton.	Mr. Heath.	Mr. Ebsworth.
<i>James</i> -		Mr. Grant.	Mr. Coates.
<i>Miss P.</i>	Mrs. Harlowe.	Mrs. Davenport.	Mrs. Pearse.
<i>Maria</i> -	Miss Smithson.	Miss Shaw.	Mrs. Jones.
<i>Margery</i>	Miss Tidswell.	Mrs. Coates.	Mrs. Kendall.
<i>Susan</i> -	Mrs. Sheldon.	Mrs. Whitmore.	Mrs. R. Jones.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A dining parlour.*

Enter OLD PICKLE *and* MISS PICKLE, R.H.

Pick. (R.H.) Well, well, sister, a little patience and these holidays will be over, the boy then goes back to school, and all will be quiet.

Miss P. Aye, till the next breaking up—no, no, brother, unless he is severely punished for what he has already done, depend upon it, this vicious humour will be confirmed into habit, and his follies increase in proportion with his years.

Pick. Now would not any one think, to hear you talk, that my son had actually some vice in him? For my part, I own there is something so whimsical in all his tricks, that I cannot in my heart but forgive him; aye, and for aught I know, love him all the better into the bargain.

Miss P. Yes, truly, because you have never been a sufferer by them: had you been rendered as ridiculous as I have been by his tricks, as you call them, you would have been the first to complain and punish.

Pick. Nay, as to that, he has not spared even his father—Is there a day passes that I don't break my shins over some stumbling block he lays in my way?—Why there is not a door but is armed with a bason of water on the top, and just left a-jar, so that egad, I can't walk over my own house without running the risk of being wet through.

Miss P. Ay, no wonder the child's spoiled, since you will *superintend* his education yourself—you, indeed!

Pick. Sister, sister, do not provoke me—at any rate, I have wit enough to conceal my ignorance, I don't pretend to write verses and nonsense as some folks do.

Miss P. Now would you rail at me for the disposition I was born with—can I help it, if the gods have made me poetical, as the divine bard says.

Pick. Made you poetical, indeed!—s'blood, if you had been born in a street near a college, aye, or even the next door to a day-school, I might not have been so surprised—but d—n it, madam, in the middle of the Minories, what had you to do with poetry and stuff!

Miss P. Provoking ignorance!

Pick. Have you not rendered yourself the sneer of all your acquaintance, by your refined poetical intercourse with Mr. Tag, the author, a fellow that strolls about the country, spouting and acting in every barn he comes to?—was he not once found concealed in your closet, to the utter scandal of my house, and the ruin of your reputation?

Miss P. If you had the smallest spark of taste, you would admire the effusions of Mr. Tag's pen, and be enchanted at his admirable acting as much as I am.

Pick. Do you tell me I can't educate my own child, and make a lord chancellor, or an archbishop of Canterbury of him, which ever I like, just as I please?—(*Young Pickle by a string draws the chair, Old Pickle falls.*)

Miss P. How's this—I'll lay my life that is another trick of this little mischievous wretch.

Pick. (*Getting up.*) An ungrateful little rascal, to serve me such a trick, just as I had made an archbishop of him—but he can't be far off—I'll immediately correct him; here, Thomas!—(*Going, meets Thomas and Servants bringing in covers for dinner.*)—But odso, here's dinner—well, I'll defer my severity till that's over—but if I don't make him remember this trick one while, say my name is not Pickle.—(*They sit down to table, Pickle cutting up a pheasant.*)—Sister, this is the first pheasant we have had this season, it looks well—shall I help you—they say anger makes a man dry, but mine has made me hungry—come, here's a wing for you, and some of the breast.

Enter SUSAN in haste, L.H.

Sus. Oh, dear sir—oh, dear madam—my young master—the parrot, ma'am—oh dear!

Pick. Parrot, and your young master; what the deuce does the girl mean?

Miss P. Mean! Why as sure as I live that vile boy has been hurting my poor bird.

Sus. Hurting, ma'am—no indeed, ma'am; I'll tell you the whole truth—I was not to blame, indeed I wasn't, ma'am; besides, I am morally certain 'twas the strange cat that killed it this morning.

Miss P. How! killed it say you?—but go on, let us hear the whole.

Sus. Why, ma'am, the truth is, I did but step out of the kitchen for a moment, when in comes my young master, whips the pheasant that was roasting for dinner from the spit, and claps down your ladyship's parrot, picked and trussed, in its place.

Pick. The parrot!—the devil.

(Spits out the piece he was about to swallow.)

Sus. I kept basting and basting on, and never thought I was basting the parrot.

Miss P. Oh, my sweet, my beautiful young bird, I had just taught it to talk, too.

Pick. You taught it to talk—it taught you to talk, you mean; I am sure it was old enough; 'twas hatched in the hard frost!

Miss P. Well, brother, what excuse now?—but run, Susan, and do you hear, take John, and—

Enter JOHN, L.H. slowly and lame, his face bound up.

Oh John, here's a piece of business.

John. Ay, ma'am, sure enow—what you have heard, I see—business indeed—the poor thing will never recover.

Miss P. (Joyfully.) What, John, is it a mistake of Susan's—is it still alive?—but where—where is it, John?

John. Safe in stable, and it were as sound—a' made her a hot mash, wouldn't touch it—so crippled will never have leg to put to ground again.

Pick. No, I'll swear to that—for here's one of them.

(*Holding up a leg on a fork.*)

Miss P. What does the fool mean? what—what, what is in the stable—what are you talking of?

John. Master's favourite mare, Daisy, madam—poor thing—

Pick. (*Alarmed.*) What!—how?—anything the matter with Daisy? I would not part with her for—

John. Aye, sir, quite done up—wont fetch five pounds at the next fair.

Miss P. This dunce's ignorance distracts me—come along, Susan.

[*Exit with Susan, L.H.*]

Pick. Why, what can it be? what the devil ails her?

John. Why, sir, the long and the short of the whole affair is as how—he's cut me too all across the legs—mercy I did not lose my eyes.

Pick. This cursed fellow will drive me mad—the mare, you scoundrel, the mare.

John. Yes, sir, the mare—then too, my shins—Master Salve, the surgeon, says I must 'noint 'em wi'—

Pick. Plague on your shins—you dog—what is the matter with the mare?

John. Why, sir, as I was coming home this morning over Black Down, what does I see but young master tearing over the turf upon Daisy, thof your honour had forbid him to ride her—so I calls to him to stop—but what does he do, but smacks his whip in my face, and dash over the gate into Stony Lane; but what's worse, when I rated him about it, he snatches up Tom Carter's long whip, and lays me so over the legs, and before I could catch hold of him, he slips out of the stable, and was off like a shot.

Pick. Well, if I forgive him this—no—I'll send him this moment back to school.—School! zounds, I'll send him to sea.

Enter Miss PICKLE, L.H.

Miss P. Well, brother, yonder comes your precious child—he's muttering all the way up stairs to himself, some fresh mischief, I suppose.

Pick. Aye, here he comes—stand back—let us watch him, though I can never contain my passion long.

(*They withdraw to the back of the stage.*)

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, L.H.

Little P. Well, so far all goes on rarely, dinner must be nearly ready ; old Poll will taste well, I dare say ;—parrot and bread sauce—ha ! ha ! ha !—they suppose they are going to have a nice young pheasant, an old parrot is a greater rarity, I'm sure—I can't help thinking how devilish tough the drumsticks will be—a fine piece of work aunt will make when it's found out—ecod, for aught I know, that may be better fun than the other : no doubt Sukey will tell, and John too, about the horse—a parcel of sneaking fellows, always tell, tell, tell.—I only wish I could catch them at school once—that is all—I'd pay them well for it, I'd be bound.—Oh ! oh ! here they are, and as I live, my father and aunt—it's all out I see—to be sure, I'm not got into a fine scrape now ; I almost wish I was safe at school again.—(*They come forward.*)—Oh, sir, how do you do, sir ? I was just coming to—

Pick. Come, come, no fooling now—how dare you look me in the face after the mischief you have done ?

Little P. What—what have I done ?

Pick. You know the value I set upon that mare, you have spoiled for ever.

Little P. But, sir, hear me—indeed I was not so much to blame, sir, not so very much.

Miss P. Do not aggravate your faults by pretending to excuse them—your father is too kind to you.

Little P. Dear sir, I own I was unfortunate—I had heard you often complain, how wild and vicious little Daisey was ; and indeed, sir, I never saw you ride her, but I trembled lest some sad accident might befall you.

Pick. Well, and what is all this to the purpose ?

Little P. And so, sir, I resolved, sooner than you should suffer, to venture my own neck, and so try to tame her for you ; that was all—and so I was no sooner mounted than off she set—I could not help that you know, sir ; and so this misfortune happened ; and so, sir—but indeed, sir—

Pick. Could I be sure this was your motive—and 'tis purely love and regard for your old father makes you thus tease and torment him—perhaps I might be inclined to—

THE SPOILED CHILD.

John. Yes, sir, but 'tis no love and regard to me made him beat me so—

Little P. John, you know you were to blame.—Sir, indeed the truth is, John was scolding me for it, and when I told him as I have told you, why I did it, and that it was to hinder you from being hurt, he said that it was no business of mine, and that if your neck was broke it was no such great matter.

Pick. What—no great matter to have my neck broke?

Little P. No, sir; so he said; and I was vexed to hear him speak so of you, and I believe I might take up the whip, and give him a cut or two on the legs—it could not hurt him much.

Pick. Well, child, I believe I must forgive you, and so shall John too; aye, aye.—But I had forgot poor Poll—what did you roast the parrot for, you young dog?

Little P. Why, sir, I knew you and my aunt were both so fond of it, I thought you would like to see it well dressed.

Pick. Ha, ha, ha!—

Little P. But dear aunt, I know you must be angry with me, and you think with reason.

Miss P. Don't speak to me, I am not so weak as your father, whatever you may fancy.

Little P. But indeed, aunt, you must hear me; had I not loved you as I do, I should not have thus offended you, but it was merely my regard for your character.

John. Character! [*Pickle kicks him off, L.H.*]

Little P. My dear aunt, I always heard that ladies keep parrots or lap-dogs, till they can no longer keep lovers—and when, at school, I told 'em you had a parrot, the boys all said, then you must be a foolish old maid.

Miss P. Indeed!—impudent young wretches.

Little P. Yes, aunt, and so I resolved you should no longer be thought so—for I think you are a great deal too young, and too handsome for an old maid.

(*Taking her hand.*)

Pick. Come, sister, i'faith you must forgive him, no female heart can withstand that.

Miss P. Brother, you know I can forgive where I see occasion; but though these faults are thus excused, how will you answer to a charge of scandal and ill-nature.

Little P. Ill-nature, madam—I'm sure nobody can accuse me of that.

Miss P. How will you justify the report you spread, of my being locked up in my closet with Mr. Tag, the author—can you defend so vile an attempt to injure my reputation?

Pick. What, that too, I suppose, was from your care of her character—and so to hinder your aunt from being an old maid, you locked her up in her closet with this author, as he is called.

Little P. Nay, indeed, dear madam, I beseech you—'twas no such thing—all I said was, you were amusing yourself in your closet with a favourite author.

Miss P. I amuse myself in my closet with a favourite author! worse and worse.


Pick. Sister, have patience—hear——

Miss P. I am ashamed to see you support your boy in such insolence—I, indeed! who am scrupulous to a fault! but no longer will I remain subject to such impertinence, I quit your house, sir, and you shall quit all claim to my fortune—this moment will I alter my will, and leave my money to a stranger, sooner than to your family. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pick. Her money to a stranger, leave her money to a stranger! Oh! the three per-cent. consols—Oh, the India stock—go, child—fly, throw yourself at your aunt's feet—say any thing to please her—I shall run distracted.—Oh! those consols—

Little P. I am gone, sir—I'll tell her she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not give her money to a stranger.

Pick. Aye, aye, there's a good boy, say any thing to please her, that will do very well—say she may die as soon as she pleases, but she must not leave her money to a stranger.—[*Exit, Little P. R.H.*—]—Sure never man was so tormented—well, I thought when my poor dear wife, Mrs. Pickle died, and left me a disconsolate widower, I stood some chance of being a happy man; but I know not how it is, I could bear the vexation of my wife's bad temper better than this woman's. All my married friends were as miserable as myself—but now—faith, here she comes, and in a fine humour, no doubt,


g.) Very well, say then I
k. But sister, stop—was ever man so u
scheme of yours to last ? how long am I
i ?

ss P. How long ! why until he is broug
upon his bad behaviour, which nothing v
, so soon as thinking himself no longer
ild of poor parents—I yesterday spok
d nurse, and she fully comprehends the
ck. Why, to be sure, as you say, 'twill
as we shall have our eyes upon him all
garet, his own nurse—

liss P. You may be sure she will take
, since this is settled, the sooner 'tis dor
mas !

Enter THOMAS, R.H.

d your young master. [Ea

'ick. I see you are finally resolved, a
Will heaven protect m

father, he is not so—Margaret, who nursed you, has confessed, and the thing is sufficiently proved, that you are not his son, but hers—she exchanged you when an infant for my real nephew, and her conscience has at last compelled her to make the discovery.

Little P. I another person's child!—impossible!—ah! you are only joking with me now, to see whether I love you or not, but indeed—(*To Pickle.*)—I am your's—my heart tells me I am only only your's.

Pick. I am afraid you deceive yourself—there can be no doubt of the truth of Margaret's account; but still assure yourself of our protection—but no longer can you remain in this house, I must not do an injury to my own child—you belong to others—to them you must now go.

Little P. Must I then give up all I hold dear—believe me it is not the privation of riches I regret, but the happiness I have ever, till now, experienced of calling you father—you aunt. At least forgive me the faults I have committed—you cannot, sure, in pity deny me that.


SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

Tune—Je suis Linder.

*Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honour'd parent's tender love,
And driven the keenest storms of fate to bear.
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart.*

*Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And perhaps when musing o'er my cruel fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part,
Your frowns, too sure, would break my sinking heart!*

END OF ACT I.


... All, well, since he begins already
punishment shall be but short; have you
with you?

Mar. Aye, have I—poor Tommy, he can
ip but now, and is so grown, and altered
believes every word I have told him, as
ed me, and I warrant, is so sheepish and
here comes my master—he has heard it

Enter PICKLE, L.H.

, my lady—shall I fetch my poor Tom
ting without.

Pick. What, that ill-looking young rascal
with the jacket and trowsers.

Mar. Ay, your honour!—what, then,
is.

Pick. Seen him!—ay, and felt him too.—
bolt at the corner, run his cursed carott
e, and has loosened half the teeth in my h

Mar. Poor lad! he's a sailor. and but awl

Pick. Damme! I don't half like that Tommy.

Miss P. Yes, yes, you shall—but now go and fetch him here to us; I should like much to see him.

Mar. (*Going.*) Do you now, madam, speak kindly to him—for, poor boy, he's quite dashed. [*Exit, L.H.*]

Pick. Yes, and he has dashed some of my teeth out—plague on him.

Miss P. Now, Mr. Pickle, I insist upon your observing a proper decorum and behaviour towards this poor lad; observe the condescension of my deportment—methinks I feel a strange inclination already in his favour, perhaps I may advance him by and bye, to be my page—shall I, brother? Oh, here he comes—and I declare, as pre-possessing a countenance as ever I beheld.

Enter MARGERY and LITTLE PICKLE as a sailor boy, L.H.

Come hither, child: was ever there such an engaging air?

Mar. Go, Tommy, do as you are bid, there's a good boy—thank his honour for his goodness to you.

Little P. Be you the old fellow that's just come to be my father?

Pick. (*Aside.*) Old fellow! he's devilish dashed to be sure—yes, I am the old fellow, as you call it—will you be a good boy?

Little P. Ay, but what will you gi' me?—must I be good for nothing?

Pick. (*Mimicking.*) Good for nothing! nay, that I'll swear you are already. Well, and how long have you been come from sea, eh? how do you like a sailor's life?

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

(NO SYMPHONY.)—Tune—Malton Oysters.

*I am a brisk and sprightly lad,
But just come home from sea, sir;
Of all the lives I ever led,
A sailor's life for me, sir.
Yeo, yeo, yeo—Yeo, yeo, yeo.
Whilst the boatswain pipes all hands,
With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.*

*What girl but loves the merry tar ?
 We o'er the ocean roam, sir;
 In every clime we find a port,
 In every port a home, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c. &c.*

*But, when our country's foes are nigh,
 Each hastens to his gun, sir;
 We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
 And bang the haughty Don, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, yeo, &c. &c.*

*Our foes subdued, once more on shore,
 We spend our cash with glee, sir;
 And when all's gone, we drown our care,
 And out again to sea, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, yeo—Yeo, yeo, yeo.
 And when all's gone, again to sea,
 With a yeo, yeo, yeo, sir.*

Pick. So this is the way I am to be entertained in future, with forecastle jokes, and tarpauling songs.

Miss P. Brother, do not speak so harshly to the poor lad, he's among strangers, and wants encouragement—come to me, my pretty boy, I'll be your friend.

Little P. Friend! oh, what you're my grandmother—father, must not I call her granne?

Pick. What! he wants encouragement, sister—yes, poor soul, he's among strangers—he's found out one relation, however, sister—this boy's assurance diverts me—I like him.
 (*Aside.*)

Little P. Granne's mortish cross and frumpish—la, father, what makes your mother, there, look so plaguy foul-weathered.

Miss P. Mother, indeed!

Pick. Oh, nothing at all, my dear, she's the best humoured person in the world—go, throw yourself at her feet, and ask her for her blessing—perhaps she may give you something.

Little P. A blessing! I sha'n't be much richer for that

neither.—perhaps she may give me half a crown. I'll throw myself at her feet, and ask her for a guinea—(*Kneels.*)—Dear granne, give me your picture. (*Catches hold of it.*)

Miss P. Stand off, wretch, am I to be robbed, as well as insulted?

Mar. Fie, child, learn to behave yourself better.

Little P. Behave myself—learn you to behave yourself; I should not have thought of you indeed—get you gone—what do you here? [*Beats her out and Exit, L.H.*]

Pick. Well, sister, this plan of your's succeeds I hope to your satisfaction—he'll make a mighty pretty page, sister—what an engaging air he has, sister! this is some revenge for her treatment of my poor boy. (*Aside.*)

Miss P. I perceive this to be all a contrivance, and the boy is taught to insult me thus—you may repent of this unparalleled treatment of unprotected innocence. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Pick. What, she means her lover, the player-man, I suppose; but I'll watch her, and her consols too; and if I catch him again in my house, it shall be his last appearance this season, I can tell him that; and the next part he plays shall be Captain Macheath in the prison scene, egad. [*Exit, R.H.*]

Enter LITTLE PICKLE, R.H.

Little P. There they go, ha, ha, ha! my scheme has gone on rarely, rather better than theirs, I think.—Blessing on the old nurse for consenting to it—I'll teach 'em to turn people out of doors.—Let me see, what trick shall I play 'em now?—suppose I set the house on fire—no—no—'tis too soon for that as yet—that will do very well by and bye—let me consider—I wish I could see my sister; I'll discover myself to her, and then we might contrive something together nicely—that staircase leads to her room, I'll try and call her.—(*Goes to R.H.D. and listens.*)—There's nobody in the way!—Hist! hist!—Maria—Maria—she hears me, she's coming this way. (*Runs and hides himself.*)

Enter MARIA, R.H.D.

Maria. Sure somebody called me.—(*Looks around.*)—No, there's nobody here—heigho—I've almost cried myself

blind about my poor brother, for so I shall always call him, aye, and love him too. *(Going.)*

Little P. (Running forward.) Maria!—sister!—stop an instant.

Maria. My brother!—Charles—impossible.

Little P. 'Tis e'en so; and faith, 'twas all a trick about the nurse and child; I coaxed the old woman to confess the whole to me—you can't contrive to kill yourself for the loss of me, can you?—that would have a fine effect—is there nothing I can think of?—Suppose you pretend to fall in love with me, and we run away together.

Maria. That will do admirably—depend upon my playing my part with a good will, for I owe them some revenge for their treatment of you; besides, you know I can refuse you nothing.

Enter OLD PICKLE behind, L.H.U.E.

Little P. Thank you a thousand times, my dearest Maria—thus then we'll contrive it.—*(Seeing Pickle coming behind, they pretend to whisper.)*

Pick. What! how's this!—"Dear Maria! and I'll refuse you nothing!"—Death and the devil, my daughter has fallen in love with that young scoundrel and his yeo, yeo, yeo—she, too—she embraces him—*(Comes forward.)*—Mighty well, young madam—'tis mighty well—but come, you shall be locked up immediately, and you, you young rascal, be whipped out of the house.

Little P. You will not be so hard-hearted, sure—we will not part—here is my anchor fixed—here am I moored for ever.—*(Pickle takes hold of her, and endeavours to take her away, she resists, and Little Pickle detains her by the hand.)*

Maria. (Romantically.) No—we'll never part—Oh, cruel, cruel fate.

Pick. He's infected her with his assurance already.—What, you young minx, do you own you love him?

Maria. Love him! sir, I adore him, and in spite of your utmost opposition, ever, ever shall.

Pick. Oh, ruined! undone—what a wretched old man I am—but, Maria, child—

THE SPOILED CHILD.

Maria. Think not to dissuade me, sir—vain attempt—no, sir, my affections are fixed, never to be recalled.

Pick. Oh dear, what shall I do? what will become of me? Oh, a plague on my plots—I've lost my daughter, and for aught I know, my son too—why, child, he's a poor beggar, he's not worth a six-pence.

Maria. My soul abhors so low a thought—I despise wealth—know, sir, I cherish nobler sentiments.

*The generous youth shall own,
I love him for himself alone.*

Pick. What, poetry too—nay then, it is time to prevent further mischief—go to your room—a good key shall assure your safety, and this young rascal shall go back to sea, and his yeo, yeo, yeo, if he will.

Maria. (*Going, R.H.*) I obey your harsh commands, sir, and am gone—but, alas! I leave my heart behind.

[*Exit, R.H.D.*

Pick. Now, sir, for you—don't look so audacious, sirrah; don't fancy you belong to me—I utterly disclaim you.

Little P. (*Laughing.*) But that is too late now, old gentleman; you have publickly said I was your son, and d—n me, I'll make you stand to it, sir. (*Threatening.*)

Pick. The devil—here is an affair!—John, Thomas, William—

Enter SERVANTS, L.H.

Take that fellow, and turn him out of doors immediately—take him, I say—

Servants. Fellow! who, sir?

Pick. Who! why zounds, him there; don't you see him?

John. What, my new young master—No, sir, I've turned out one already, I'll turn out no more.

Pick. He's not your young master—he's no son of mine—away with him, I say.

Sus. No, sir, we know our young master too well for all that; why he's as like your honour as one pea is like another.

John. Ay, heaven bless him, and may he shortly succeed your honour in your estate and fortune.

Pick. (*In a passion, walking up and down.*) Rogues! villains! I am abused, robbed—(*Turns them out.*)—there's a conspiracy against me, and this little pirate is at the head of the gang.

Enter THOMAS, L.H. with a letter.

Thomas. A letter, sir.

[*Exit, L.H.*

Pick. Odso, this is from my poor boy, I see—this is a comfort, indeed. Well, I'll send for him home now without delay.—(*Reads.*)—

Honoured sir, I heartily repent of having so far abused your goodness, whilst I was blest with your protection; but as I fear no penitence will ever restore me to your favour, I have resolved to put it out of my power again to offend you, by instantly bidding adieu to my country for ever.

Here, John, run, go directly to Margery's and fetch home my son, and—

Little P. (*Interrupting him.*) You may save yourself the trouble, 'tis too late, you'll never bring him too now, make as many signals, or fire as many guns as you please.

Pick. What do you mean?

Little P. Mean, why he and I have changed births, you know.

Pick. Changed births!

Little P. Ay, I'm got into his hammock, and he's got into mine, that's all; he's some leagues off at sea, by this time, the tide serves, the wind is fair, and Botany Bay's the word, my boy.

Pick. Botany Bay! well, I'll instantly see if 'tis true, and if it be, I'll come back, just to blow your brains out, and so be either hanged or sent to Botany Bay after him.

Little P. Ecod I like a sailor's life, so well, I wouldn't care if I were one in reality.

SONG.—LITTLE PICKLE.

*Poll, dang it! how d'ye do? Nan want you gi' us a buss?
Why what's to do with you? here's a pretty fuss;
I'll go to sea no more, father he says so,
For I'm the little sailor boy, capering on shore.*

*Father he apprenticed me, all to a coasting ship,
I were resolved, d'ye see, to give to them the slip;
I went to Yarmouth fair, where I had been before,
Father came and found me there, capering on shore.*

*Next out to India, I went a guinea pig,
Then went to Table Bay, there's a pretty rig:
Ship driven out to sea, left me and many more,
All among the Hottentots, capering on shore.*

*I love a bit of a hop, life's none the worse for that,
If in my way should drop, a fiddle, that's you're sort;
Thrice tumble up ahoy, once get our labour o'er,
Then see the sailor boy, capering on shore.*

(Hornpipe.—Tune “College Hornpipe.”)

[Exit, L.H.]

SCENE II.—A garden.—A seat in a bower, much shaded
with trees.

Enter Miss PICKLE, L.H.

Miss P. This is the hour of my appointment with Mr. Tag, and my brother's absence is favourable indeed—well, after such treatment, can he be surprised if I throw myself into the arms of so passionate an admirer? My fluttering heart tells me this is an important crisis in my happiness—how much these vile men have to answer for, in thus bewitching us silly girls!

THE SPOILED CHILD.

Tag. (Repeats behind the scenes.)

*The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me,*

Enter TAG, L.H.

*My longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only joy to see.*

Thus, most charming of her sex, do I prostrate myself before
the shrine of your beauty. *(Kneels.)*

Miss P. Mr. Tag, I fear I never can be yours.

Tag. Adorable, lovely, the most beautified Ophelia. (1)

(1) I have here generally read the following Rhapsodical Address to
Miss Pickle, and "with good approbation."—ED.

IN HER EXCELLENT WHITE BOSOM THERE.

*To that angelic, immaculate, divine, most refulgent, scintillating,
luminous, and all-vivifying constellation of virgin excellence, and saint-
like purity, these prolific, effervescent, exuberant effusions of an ardent
and faithful muse, are dedicated with the deepest profundity of shining
respect, and blazing admiration, to Miss Bridget Pickle, by her most
enslaved admirer,* AUGUSTUS NERO HANNIBAL SCIPIO TAG.

Oh! Billy Cupid, hear my prayer,
And aid a wretched love sick player,
Whose heart to rags with love is torn,
And scratch'd with doubts scarce to be borne;
Whose soul is harrow'd up with grief,
'Till naught but Pickle gives relief.
Not pickled onions 'tis I mean,
Nor pickled cabbage, red or green,
Nor pickled girkins, small or big,
Nor pickled pork, nor pickled pig,
Nor pickled tarragon, nor samphire,
'Tis purer far than pickled camphire.
Not pickle brought from foreign shore,
Nor any pickle known before.
A pickle 'tis in all complete,
And when at table serv'd up neat,
Its beauties I perforce must own,
Surpasses beef when roasted brown,
Or turkies, pigeons, snipes, wild-geese,
Wood-cocks, or widgeons, ducks and peas.

THE SPOILED CHILD.

Miss P. Indeed, Mr. Tag, you make me blush with your compliments.

Tag. Compliments! oh! call not by that hacknied term the voice of truth—lovely nymph, ah! deign to hear me, I'll teach you what it is to love.

Miss P. Love—dear Mr. Tag—Oh! moderate your transports—be advised, think no more of this fatal passion.

Tag. Think no more of it!

*Can love be controll'd by advice,
Will Cupid our mothers obey?*

Oh, then, consent, my angel, to join our hearts in one, or give me my death in a bumper.

Miss P. (Aside.) Can I refuse any thing to such a lover?—but were I, my dear friend, to consent to our tender union, how could we contrive to escape? my brother's vigilance would overtake us, and you might have reason to repent of his anger.

Tag. Oh, he's a Goth, a mere Vandyke, my love.

*But fear makes the danger seem double,
Say, Hymen what mischiefs can trouble.*

I have contrived the plot, and every scene of the elopement; but in this shady blest retreat will I unfold it all—let's sit down, like Jessica and the fair Lorenzo, here.

*Would you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bower repair.*

(They sit in the bower.)

Since music is the food of love, we'll to the nightingale's complaining notes, tune our distresses and accord our woes.

But pickle, *ad infinitum* bright,
A constellation, blaze of light—
'Tis brightest day, midst darkest night!—
A pickle 'tis of virgin fame,
And *Bridget Pickle* is its name.
Then, Billy Cupid, be not fickle,
Inspire the heart of sweet Miss Pickle
To reap love's harvest with thy sickle,—
Oh! Pickle! Pickle! Pickle!! Pickle!!!

[REDACTED]
this moment will I seize my tender b
there I had her as dead as mutton.

Miss P. No, I am not yet equip
and what is of more consequence s
jewels prepared, rather too valuable t

Tag. That is of some consequence

My diamond, my

Then be a good gi

Until I come to you ag

Miss P. Come back again in th
and if fortune favours faithful lovers'
slip out to you.

Tag. Dispose of me, lovely crea
don't forget the casket.

. *LITTLE PICKLE runs*

Little P. Granne! granne!

Tag. Granne!—D—m me!

Tag. Zounds, I wish you were gone.—(*They struggle, and at last get free, and run off, Miss Pickle, R.H. and Tag, L.H.U.E.*)

Enter PICKLE, L.H.U.E.

Pick. Well, all's not so bad as I feared—he is not yet gone to sea, and Margery assures me I shall see him ere long, quite another thing from what he was—but now let me look after my sister—though she made me play the fool, I'll take care to prevent her—I must not give up the consols too—but odso, I have not yet seen my daughter, I'll to her first, lest young yeo, yeo, yeo, should get her shipped off—and when I have secured fifteen, I'll look after fifty—but who's coming here?

Enter MISS PICKLE, R.H. with a casket.

Miss P. (Passing over to the bower.) Mr. Tag, Mr Tag—I hope he is returned—how I tremble—kind Cupid, guide your votary's feeble steps—Oh, my dear Mr. Tag, take the casket, and let us make haste, that we may escape before my brother comes.—(*Catches hold of Little Pickle, who is behind the bower, disguised as Tag. Little Pickle kissing her hand. They run towards Old Pickle, who comes forward and stops them.*)

Pick. Your most obedient humble servant, madam—well said fifty, egad—sir, your most obsequious, Mr. Alexander, Mr. Romeo—John—William—Thomas,—(*Calling the servants.*)—you sha'n't want attendants, mighty prince; but mayhap you had rather sleep in a castle, great hero; we have a convenient goal close by, where you'll be very safe, most illustrious chief.

Miss P. Heavens! a goal! poor dear Mr. Tag, a victim to his love for me—oh, let us implore his forgiveness—intreat him to release you. (*To Tag.*)

Little P. (Kneels, throws off his disguise as Tag, and appears in his own hair, though still in the sailor's dress.) Thus let me implore for pardon, and believe, that a repentance so sincere as mine, will never suffer my heart again to wander from its duty towards him.

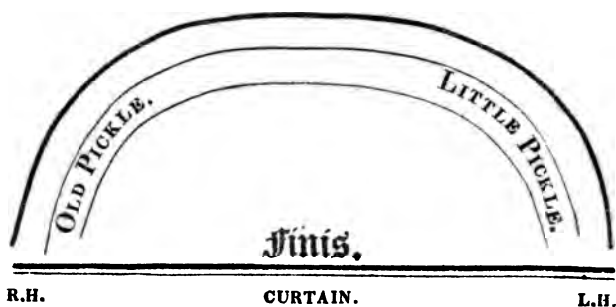
Pick. What's this? my son!—(*Embracing Little Pickle.*)

THE SPOILED CHILD.

—Ods my heart, I'm glad to see him once more—but you wicked scoundrel, how did you dare play me such tricks?

Little P. Tricks! Oh, sir, recollect you have kindly pardoned them already; and, if these our kind and generous spectators will but own they have been amused by my efforts, I shall be tempted once more to transgress.

Disposition of the Characters when the Curtain falls.



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